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SUNDAY, September 19.

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 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
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 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN, B.A.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. T. EDWARDS; 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, WALTER RUSSELL; 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. PERCY W. STANGER.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. E. H. PICKERING, B.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. A. S. NOEL; 6.30, Mr. G. J. ALLEN.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
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BIRTHS.

ROSCOE.—On September 10, to Philip and Margaret Roscoe, at The Sun Dole, Redington-road, a daughter.

WHITAKER.—On September 12, at 99, Victoria-avenue, Hull, to Rev. W. and Mrs. Whitaker, a daughter.

DEATH.

FARRAR.—On September 14, at "Seatoller," Stand, Ann, the beloved wife of James Farrar. Interred at Stand Unitarian Chapel, Friday, September 17.

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THE INQUIRER.

A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Summer School of Theology, in Oxford, which was opened on Monday and will continue till Friday of next week, marks the definite abandonment of confessional restrictions in theological teaching. In its way, it is as significant as the open Faculty of Theology in the University of Manchester, for it shows what a large number of scholars of the front rank are willing to co-operate. A few years ago this would have been impossible. It would have been looked upon as a novel and dangerous experiment. Now it is accepted almost as a matter of course, and excites hardly any public comment. Dr. Carpenter is the chairman of the executive committee, the Rev. A. J. Carlyle and the Rev. G. W. Thatcher are the secretaries, Canon Driver, Dr. Rashdall, Dr. Buchanan Gray, Professor Moulton, Dr. Odgers, and Mr. Wicksteed are among the lecturers—a sufficiently comprehensive list, and the whole scheme has been made possible by generous pecuniary encouragement from the Hibbert Trustees.

THE inaugural lecture of the School was delivered on Monday evening in the Hall of Balliol College by Professor Percy Gardner, who described his object as an attempt to give an account of "some new modes of regarding religion which belong to the new century." He showed how historical method and the new feeling for the value of fact had modified our attitude towards authority in religion, especially in regard to unverified tradition. But he went on to express the conviction that the psychological element in Modernism would modify and control the historical and critical. There was now more emphasis on the life of religion than on creed and speculative thought. The religious beliefs which had greater persistency were those which, in the struggle for existence, were the fittest to survive. This implied a belief in the Divine working in the world, which must come "from the experience of life acting in conjunction with a certain inner illumination." He urged all religious teachers to observe the "sacredness of fact," and, at the same time, not to allow

the practical element to be thrust into the background.

THE attention which has been aroused by Mr. Lloyd Thomas' book on a Free Catholic Church, as testified by the review of the Italian edition by the Rev. A. L. Lilley, in our last issue, is interesting evidence of the type of thought and spiritual life which is winning acceptance in many quarters, both at home and abroad. A recent number of *La Luce* refers to it in most appreciative terms, the writer describing it as among the few books one is glad to have read, "a mystical aspiration of the soul towards the magnificent ideal of a universal church without dogmas, without the coercion of authority, in which faith, hope and charity, above all charity, form the sole bond of union." In the September number of the *Positivist Review*, Mr. Philip Thomas returns to the same theme in an article on "The Movement Towards Free Catholicism."

WE are not surprised that the Positivist writer sees in the whole movement a triumph for his own ideas. That is one of the charms of Positivism, that it is so ready to claim everything beautiful and humane for its own. But we may let that pass. "What the advanced movements that still use the Christian name are aiming at," he writes, "may fairly be termed a Christian Positivism, that is to say, their leaders desire to base Christianity on demonstrable truth, instead of on supernatural inspiration or ecclesiastical authority. . . . It is the spirit that desires a new religious synthesis based on respect for the freedom of the human intellect and leaving an open course for progress that is of importance; such a spirit sooner or later finds its true centre, and every endeavour made during the search is itself beneficial." He aims some rather ineffective criticism at Mr. Lloyd Thomas' position on the ground that he is seeking for a Christian unity, and that would exclude three-fourths of the human race. But this is a limitation only on the surface, and not on the deeper spiritual levels. Mr. Lloyd Thomas makes it quite clear, both in his book and his pamphlet

on Modernism, that whatever the new synthesis is going to be, it will not be an amalgam of all the religions and cults of the world, but the genuine universality of the highest revelation God has ever made in history.

ON the question of creed and dogma, the writer misunderstands the position, and speaks of Mr. Lloyd Thomas' obscurity. Now, if there is anything about which Mr. Lloyd Thomas is not obscure, we should have thought it was just here. He is even quite dogmatic in his repudiation of corporate dogma as a bond of union; but this does not involve, as is often supposed, "a standardless condition in religious thought." It allows ample scope for the authority of great thinkers, which makes its appeal to the immanent reason of collective humanity. But apart from these points, which require full discussion, and not a mere passing reference, there is much that is deeply interesting in this criticism, on the whole so sympathetic, from the Positivist point of view. "To some of us," the writer says, "it is a most gratifying portent to see the Unitarians on the move, as for some generations they have presented the anomaly of being at once the most advanced and the least mobile of religious bodies. They may now be about to seize the occasion to place themselves at the head of the forward movement in Christian thought."

THE Rev. L. P. Jacks, tutor at Manchester College, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, has been attending the British Association at Winnipeg. The following abstract of a paper read by him on "Moral Instruction in Schools," on August 25, in the Educational Science Section, is taken from the *Daily News* :—

THE demand for moral teaching had arisen, in the first instance, he said, from the obvious consideration that the spread of knowledge through general education was socially dangerous when unaccompanied by moral advance. The demand had been greatly reinforced by the growth of the Imperial idea, which was awakening the national conscience and confronting the individual citizen with enlarged respon-

sibilities. The moral needs of the Empire were such as to constitute a demand for "super-men." Efficiency was the word generally employed to express this fact, but "efficiency" meant, in this connection not merely technical knowledge in trade and courage in war, but moral qualities of a higher order still. The relations in which the Empire stood to its powerful neighbours demanded from its citizens magnanimity and consideration for the rights of others; while the problem of subject races suggested the need of a highly developed humanitarian spirit.

* * *

THE virtues could not be imparted one by one to young minds; nor should morality be made one among a number of set subjects. What was needed was the idea of an "end" which by becoming a principle co-ordinated the purposes of life. All attempts to teach the virtues departmentally would probably fail to produce moral action when the subject of such teaching was confronted with the actualities of life. Morality in education was rather the name of a method, which should dominate the teaching of all subjects, than an independent subject in isolation from the rest.

* * *

A FURTHER mistake was that of supposing that the virtues could be taught to the young according to a fixed pattern. The attempt to do so led inevitably to reaction against the idea of morality; and it had to be remembered that the value of all teaching was measured by the kind of reaction it provoked in the mind of the taught. In this lay the greatest danger of the moral teacher, inasmuch as he could not control the reaction of his pupils' minds. The school could never replace the home in moral teaching. We should imitate the methods of the Chinese, and give a large place in ethics to the strengthening of the family tie.

* * *

THE following notes by the Rev. J. S. Rattenbury are taken from the *Methodist Times* of September 2.

* * *

WHEN I go away for a holiday, I look forward with great pleasure to the Sundays, and I spend them in the nearest Wesleyan chapel, with the exception of perhaps one service, when I visit an Anglican church to see how things go across the border. On Sunday night last I took a delightful walk through two miles of charming Cornish lanes, and arrived at the Parish Church of Stratton. The church was crowded with men and women, and the service was most devout and beautiful. A village choir rendered the liturgy with admirable taste and feeling. The sermon was thoughtful, spiritual, and practical. One could only say, "This is none other than the House of God and the gate of heaven." But I am not writing either a criticism or an appreciation of a religious service. I should like to write many, "by way of reprisals," as Bacon would say, but not now.

* * *

I AM writing because in that exquisite service there was one jarring note. It was not the fault of the clergy, or of the church, but arose from the fact that the law com-

pels men to read certain things on certain days, whatever happens. We sang Psalm cix. And I thanked God I was a minister of a Free Church in a free country. I also remembered that that far-sighted man, John Wesley, abridged the Psalter of certain verses, which he considered improper for the mouths of a Christian congregation. To sing Psalm cix. in a Christian service is sheer blasphemy. I ground my teeth with indignation as I heard a Christian congregation sing these words. Here they are in the Prayer-book version:—

When sentence is given to him, let him be condemned,
And let his prayer be turned into sin.
Let his days be few, and another take his office.
Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow;
Let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread;
Let them seek it out of desolate places.
Let the extortioner consume all he hath;
And let the stranger spoil his labour.
Let there be no man to pity him.
Nor to have compassion on his fatherless children.

Surely the time has come when we ought frankly to acknowledge that it is most un-Christian to sing of our enemies:—

Let his days be few,
Let his children be fatherless,
And his wife a widow;
Let his children be vagabonds and beg,
and so on.

* * *

ALL this sort of thing must have a bad effect. Much is written to-day about the Scriptures. In our own church there are not lacking indications of fear that reverence for the Bible is declining. If men are trained by the singing of such words to believe that they are religious, it is no wonder. Whatever our theory of inspiration of Scripture, we ought frankly to acknowledge, as we must if we tell the truth, that the spirit of the curses in Psalm cix. is absolutely opposed to the spirit of Jesus, who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

* * *

Why should such a psalm have a place at all in Holy Scripture? Certainly not that it may be sung by Christian congregations to-day! The psalm has certain beautiful expressions in it; it realises that God is on the side of the needy, and is full of faith that righteousness will be vindicated. It expresses a deep and real religious spirit in a man whose feelings towards his enemies are the reverse of Christian. It is valuable in showing us how far that religious spirit in Christ (present even in the breast of this half-savage psalmist), has made the race progress. We may read it with real edification as we remember that to us there has been shown "a more excellent way," for now we know that without charity nothing availeth. I do not want to lose the psalm, but to sing it to-day in public is monstrous! For a mixed congregation with little historic sense to sing such words as praise to God is positively absurd. I cannot understand the state of mind which would not be shocked at those horrible curses! Ought not something to be done in the great Church of England to prevent

the singing of words such as these, which might be positively demoralising in their effect?

* * *

MR. RATTENBURY's protest seems to us most manly and right. The present writer happened also to be worshipping in a little village church on the evening of August 22, when this psalm was sung. To hear a simple village congregation cherubically singing those curses was a strange and saddening experience. If it had been a grim old congregation of stern Puritans who meant every word, it would have been somehow less shocking. The utter unreality and incongruity of the whole thing was what impressed the hearer. When men don't mean what they say in worship, which ought to be the most solemn simple reality, there is divorce between life and religion of the most dangerous kind. There may be no conscious hypocrisy, but there must be a carelessness about truth. To sing such psalms, and mean every word, is indicative of a very imperfect Christianity. But to sing such psalms and not mean a word we say is worse. It makes worship for the moment utterly unreal. It is the destruction of religion altogether.

* * *

A NEW service of song dealing with Theodore Parker's life, by Miss Marian Pritchard and Miss Amy Wethall, was one of the last pieces of work on which the late Miss Marian Pritchard was engaged, in addition to the historical sketch for the bicentenary of the Stoke Newington Green Chapel, completed just before her death. An earlier service "A Noble Life," with the readings taken from Miss F. E. Cooke's "Theodore Parker," appeared in *Teachers' Notes*, October, 1883, and was also separately issued by the Sunday School Association, but is now out of print. The new service benefits by the experience of its predecessor. The story is rewritten, though naturally not without reference to Miss Cooke's beautiful work, and a better proportion is observed in the length of the whole service, and relatively in the alternating passages of narrative and song. There are just half the number of hymns, and more scope is given to the reader to secure a sustained interest in the story. One thing in the music we regret. In both services a hymn-tune is used, made out of the well-known song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," which, until the charming old song is quite forgotten, is a mixing of incongruous things. We find also in the new service that the tune set to Lowell's "Men whose boast it is" does not sing easily, the fourth and eighth lines being decidedly awkward. But the service as a whole is beautifully conceived and worked out, and it should be very widely used, especially next year in connection with the centenary of Parker's birth. A word may be added here about another welcome publication of the Sunday School Association's. We refer to the two cards, with decorative borders, for use in the schools as a record of membership or for children newly welcomed into the fellowship of school or congregation at a service of christening or dedication. The cards are supplied with blank centres, to be filled in as required. The border of the larger card is particularly successful. The colour is attractive, but not gaudy, and the design is strong and really beautiful in effect.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

DOGMATIC REACTION.

THE triumph of freedom is often the opportunity of reaction, in Religion as well as in affairs of State. Men grow anxious as they gaze into the dim horizons of the future. They are in a hurry to see the completion of the new social fabric, the new Church of which they are only laying the foundations. They pay a lip-service to the principle of growth, but in their hearts they have a preference for finality. There are always teachers who are ready to take advantage of this state of mind, some of them in genuine devotion to an inherited dogma, others because they see an opportunity of a tactical victory. There is, unfortunately, even in religious controversy and discussion a good deal of the spirit, which loves to score points in a game, and the disinterested passion for reality, cost what it may, lead where it will, is blurred by subtle appeals to prejudice or the rhetorical caricature of an opponent's point of view. We do not expect to get rid of the dogmatist in religion, or indeed in any other department of human activity, where positiveness is counted a virtue. But it is sometimes well to give timely warning of his approach.

There is no principle which is more central for Liberal Religion than that of the various interpretations of Christian truth. Just because Truth is not a dead deposit, which can be analysed and labelled, but a radiant disclosure of the Life and Love of God, men are bound to gaze at it from different angles of vision, to watch it blending with a manifold human experience, and to interpret but not exhaust its meaning in their fallible human speech. To some people all this sounds like a dangerous lapse into vagueness, but to us it appears to be a spiritual discovery of transcendent importance. Already it has widened religious sympathies, and made men conscious of a deeper unity of spirit and aim than is represented by their sect life or their denominational allegiance. In other words, it has worked what may be called a religious miracle, and the attraction which it has for men is an attraction for the deepest life of the soul. It is clear that if a principle of this kind, which is not simply a pious opinion or an intellectual heresy, but a living Gospel of the Spirit, is allowed to work its way unchecked, the traditional empire of dogma is doomed; for there is no single inerrant statement of the truth by which men must be saved, or which alone entitles them to profess and call themselves Christians.

We are not surprised that there are signs of reaction already on the part of men who value religious monopolies, and look upon Christendom as a protected area, where the

gifts and graces of the Spirit are regulated by an ecclesiastical tariff. We do not for a moment impugn their earnestness or sincerity. Sometimes a vital experience breathes through their impetuous words. No one, for instance, can read a book like Dr. FIGGIS' "The Gospel and Human Needs," without being braced by the fervour and intimacy of its appeal, however little he may agree that the Catholic creeds and a highly developed sacramental system contain the only legitimate expression of the truth of God. But precisely the same claim is made, perhaps with more dogmatism and less charm, from the side of traditional evangelical orthodoxy. Protestant scholasticism, with its theory of a closed Revelation and a finished Book, cannot be modified by any process of growth and change into something broader and more inclusive. The only course open to it, when it is strictly logical, is to take the traditional version of Pauline Christianity and to proclaim it as absolute and final. It requires a good deal of mental inflexibility to assert this at the present time, especially on the part of those who have had any training in historical method or the study of religious experience. But this is precisely the attitude and the message of certain theologians, who have embarked on a campaign of dogmatic reaction, with the consequent narrowing of spiritual sympathy, and the imminent danger of intellectual obscurantism, in the interests of their tradition. In two recent articles in the *Christian World*, with the sombre and forbidding title, "The Roman Road of Rationalism," Dr. P. T. FORSYTH, renouncing the last shreds of his former breadth and tolerance, comes forward as the protagonist of an exclusive orthodoxy. It is true that he refers to our need of a modernised theology, and he pays, in passing, a momentary tribute to criticism—provided it arrives at the results which are essential to his theory—but the substance of his argument is a vehement and rhetorical assertion that the apostles claimed "a supernatural and authoritative, and final insight into the meaning of CHRIST," and that the action of the Spirit in their case was "unique in nature and authority on all matters that concern the soul and centre of the faith." Dr. FORSYTH is prepared to accept all the hazards of this position. "Christianity does not turn," he says, "on the fact of JESUS, but on the interpretation. You do not have revelation till you have interpretation. In the matter of revelation it is not so much a matter of CHRIST's bringing a real revelation, but of his bringing the absolute, the final one." If it is objected that the Spirit works in the hearts of men to-day as in the days of the Apostles, he is prepared with the answer: "The Spirit is in and through the Word, and not merely with and alongside the Word. The Spirit is no second revelation, but the self-interpretation

and adjustment of the first and sole revelation. There is no second dispensation of the Spirit following on that of the Son." The rejection of the Pauline interpretation is, he tells us, equivalent to the rejection of Christianity. It is another religion. "Make no mistake," he writes in a tone of challenge to all who are of a contrary opinion, "that that is the issue, however honestly it may be disguised for the unwary in spirituality, fraternity, devotion, and all the pieties of an age bound to its own subjectivity and lost to salvation in mere religion."

The positiveness of these and similar statements, what we cannot help calling their rhetorical extravagance, will no doubt exercise some influence over minds which live not on reasons but on dogmas, but we are certain that many sensitive spiritual natures, with special gifts for discipleship will only be saddened and repelled. There is remarkably little argument to answer; the words, "come, let us reason together," are never heard. It is the quintessence of dogmatic reaction—Accept my creed or live an exile from the fellowship of CHRIST. But underlying this and similar attempts there is in reality a deep religious scepticism. Dr. FORSYTH has no rejoicing sympathy with the Spirit of God indwelling in human life. He has a distrust of the new emphasis upon experience unless experience can be made to fit his formula. He sees quite clearly that the growing and enlarging experience of the Christian fellowship occupies a position of great importance in the religious thought of the day, and he dislikes it. And he seeks to discredit it by a subtle appeal to prejudice. It is contrary to the normative principle of Protestantism, he tells us; it is only Catholic tradition tricked out under another name. And so he leaves us on the horns of the old dilemma, the infallible Church, or the infallible Word, and his dogma is not the Church. COLERIDGE was right when he said that in infallibility there can be no degrees.

We do not believe that this type of thought or this attitude of mind has any future, certainly not a future of usefulness for religion. The recovered sense of the richness and variety of religious experience, and the desire to penetrate deeper than traditional interpretations into the very presence-chamber of the Divine will permeate human life more and more. The Spirit of God living, working, guiding, will undermine and overthrow all theologies and ecclesiastical systems which are not large enough to contain it. Dr. FORSYTH's form of dogmatic reaction, in the interests of a stationary Protestantism, has simply revealed to us how little it contains that we should desire it. He has provided us with no answer to the pertinent question of ERASMUS, "Why should we narrow the profession of CHRIST when he willed that it should be most broad?" We agree with

a recent writer when he describes spiritual intolerance as "the most anti-human of all moods."

THE ETHICS OF TIPPING.

THE opening of a new hotel in London with the stringent provision that no servant will be permitted to receive tips, is an interesting, and, as this world goes, a rather daring experiment. It will surely be welcomed by many who feel themselves the helpless victims of a system which they dislike as demoralising and absurd. What we must all desire is that good work should be properly paid, and that the relation between the buyer and seller should be as human and natural and pleasant as possible. A man whose wages are largely composed of tips has an insecure and uncertain income. The element of luck is an important factor in his receipts. He is not certain of receiving his market value, but is always on the fret and strain to get more, or to avoid getting less. This does not tend to better service, it tends to the direct opposite. It discourages quiet, steady work. It makes for effusive efforts to please the rich, and officious fussy efforts to appear useful to them. It makes for disregard of the poor. But, in addition to this, it interferes with the right human relation between employers and employed. How uncomfortable, almost undignified, is the exit from a Swiss hotel! We have paid our bill in which the service was included, and we go out into the hall to find half-a-dozen servants loitering about. They are all pretending to be doing something and all watching us as a cat watches a mouse. There is a half-concealed greed cloaked by a pretence of excessive friendliness, which spoils our farewell. We have no objection to pay the full price of the labour involved, but to do it in this way is disagreeable to him who gives and demoralising to him who takes.

How different is our relation with the conductor of a tram and a cabdriver! The conductor wants nothing from me except my penny. There is no idea in his mind of getting anything out of me, there is no hostility, no pandering in our relationship. If we talk, it is as one man to another in a perfectly frank, simple way. At least I thank him for his ticket and he thanks me for my penny. But with a cabdriver there is no question of thanks unless I scandalously overpay him. My chief thought in connection with him is how much must I pay this fellow to escape abuse; or, if I am yet more sensitive, how much must I pay to avoid a chilly stare of incredulous surprise at my niggardliness. His chief thought is how much can I make out of this bloke. To say the least of it, that is not a pleasant relationship between man and man.

How different, again, is our relationship

with a waiter and a greengrocer. The latter gives me his potatoes or carrots. I pay him his market price almost without thinking of it, and chat about the weather, or the Budget or the North Pole. The former wants money out of me in addition to my bill. If he is polite and talkative, and anxious about my appetite, I suspect him of ulterior motives. If he takes particular trouble, it is not because he has real goodwill, or finds me a congenial spirit, but because he scents a victim who can be persuaded to give him a larger tip than usual. Even when this motive is not paramount, as it may not always be, we are inclined to imagine it. The whole system which permeates our modern life, especially in the affairs of eating, drinking, and travelling, is the ruin of the right relationship between human beings.

The system of tipping, like that of International increase of Armaments, is one against which a single individual or a single nation is almost powerless. We may groan under the burden, we may point out its absurdity; but, as long as it is generally adopted, we cannot avoid falling in with it to some extent. If we take a vow never to give tips, we shall have a most unpleasant time; and, as things are now, we shall not be paying the full value of the services received. The tips of the waiter, the hotel servant, the railway porter, and cabman are reckoned as part of his legitimate salary. The terms they make with their masters include the expectation of tips.

The system can only be successfully combated by the employers. Let them estimate the full value of what they provide, service included, and charge accordingly. No just man wishes to pay less than the full value, but he wishes to eliminate greed and cringing, and the obsession of money as far as possible from the giving and receiving of services. We would gladly pay exactly the same sum as our hotel bill and tips together amount to, if that is the market value of services rendered. It is not on the score of economy that we protest against tips; it is because they make for uncertainty in wages, and for an unwholesome, disagreeable relationship between employers and employed that we welcome any experiment to abolish them. There will be room always for unforced surprise presents between friends. The poor are at least as ready with such presents as the rich. The gift which comes from a friend "blesses him that gives and him that takes," but a gift which is expected and required, has neither the straightforward simplicity of wages nor the charm of a present. It is a fallen angel, neither human nor divine. It is good to receive payment for our work; it is good to give and receive offerings of affection. But tips are neither one thing nor the other. The sooner they are abolished altogether the better for our society.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON is one of the immortals. He lives and will live, not for what he wrote, nor for the influence he exerted on writing, but for the vigour and charm of his personality. He was one of the first Englishmen to make a living, such as it was, by literature; one of the first to establish literature among us as a profession; one of the first to appeal to the public and to repudiate the patron; was the undisputed head for a generation of English literary society; but he was also, and is, the subject of perhaps the most interesting biography in existence. In his own day his sturdy character and immense conversational powers were more remarkable than his "compositions," and his stately prose has since lost the attraction it then possessed. Excepting the "Lives of the Poets" his books are little read or likely to be read. "Rasselas" and "The Rambler" are dull, hopelessly dull to the modern mind. But when we have seen and heard and loved the man in Boswell's pages we enjoy almost everything that came from his pen. He had a loud voice, innumerable prejudices, a rough manner with those he did not like, and sometimes with those he did; but under the formidable and occasionally overbearing exterior beat a gentle, brave, and devout heart. "He had nothing of the bear," said Goldsmith, "but the skin."

He was born at Lichfield, on Sept. 15, 1709, the son of "a big, bony bookseller," Michael Johnson, and his wife Sarah Ford. Michael Johnson kept no accounts, and his wife could keep none, and they consequently never quite knew how they stood in the world. To supplement their indefinite income they had a lodger, a Dr. Samuel Swinfen, who was in their house when young Johnson was born, and after whom he was named Samuel. He was a poor baby, the child of elderly parents, with weak eyes, the result of scrofula. An uncomplimentary aunt—and there are such—declared she would not pick such a child out of the gutter. When he was three, his father, a strong tory and believer in the divinity of princes, took him to London to be touched by Queen Anne. He remembered the visit, and recalled a lady in a black hood. In town his mother bought him a silver mug inscribed "Sam. J.," not "S. J.," which were her own initials, to insure it going to him at her death. Owing to bad sight he was accompanied to and from the dame-school by a maid. One day she was late, and he insisted on going home by himself. When she followed, he turned back and beat her. This independence characterised him through life.

At the grammar school he was known as a big, heavy lad, constitutionally inert and indolent, but a great reader with a tenacious memory. He was the kind of boy Roger Ascham had faith in—"not over-dull, heavy, knotty and lumpish, but hard, rough and somewhat stuffish." Such "if well handled by the mother" and "rightly smoothed and wrought not overthwarted and against the wood by the master," turned out best. So it proved in Johnson's case. When he was fifteen he went as pupil-

teacher to Stourbridge. Comparing the two schools, he afterwards said that at the one he learned much from the boys and little from the master, at the other much from the master and little from the boys. Then for a couple of years he helped his father in the shop, took charge of a bookstall on market days in the neighbouring towns, and read continuously, spending hours in the garret at home among books and apples, and gathering much curious and miscellaneous information. Dr. Swinfen advised his father to send him to college, and promised assistance. He himself was an Oxford man, an old student of Pembroke. So to Oxford and to Pembroke College Samuel Johnson went in 1728, in his nineteenth year. On the night of his arrival, a shy, ungainly youth, he astonished his tutor by quoting Macrobius. But he was not happy at the university. He felt "out of it." He had shabby clothes, suffered from ill-health, and was solitary. To Dr. Swinfen he wrote a Latin letter describing symptoms of what he feared might be insanity. Admiring the Latin, Dr. Swinfen showed the letter to friends at Lichfield. Johnson was indignant. He did not want his symptoms to be discussed by neighbours, and with some surliness he refused to take further help from the doctor. He therefore left Oxford, without a degree, and was at home again—with the exception, apparently, of another brief period at college—until his father's death in 1731.

Putting aside eleven guineas of the £20 he received by his father's will, he took a post as usher at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire. The drudgery was great, involving duties that were menial. Writing to Edmund Hector, an old schoolfellow in Birmingham, he said "Vitam continet una dies—one day contains the whole of my life: it is unvaried as the note of a cuckoo." He endured it some months, and then he joined Hector, who was beginning practice as a surgeon, at his lodging at a bookseller's. For this bookseller, the only one then in Birmingham, Johnson undertook a translation from the French of Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia." In the progress of the work he was seized with melancholy. Hector encouraged him, told him the printer would suffer if it was not finished, and wrote down what he dictated from his bed. In this way it was completed, and Johnson got his first five guineas as an author. In 1734 he was again at home, with his mother, and a brother Nathaniel who carried on the father's business; and from Lichfield he issued proposals for an edition of Politian. Nothing came of them. An application to Edward Cave, editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, was equally unsuccessful. He tried for a mastership at Solihull. It was refused, on the ground that his independence might "huff the feoffers," and he "has such a way of distorting his face which, though he can't help, the gentlemen think it may effect some young lads." An opening then offered itself in a rather curious fashion. In Birmingham he had been welcome at the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Porter. Mr. Porter died, and Johnson's friendship for the widow deepened into affection. It was an odd match. He was seven and twenty, she forty-eight. She had a red face, was stout and

thoroughly good. He was not a beauty—lean and lank, with huge limbs and scarred face, and stiff straight hair, which she parted at the back of his head. He was subject also to strange puffings and gesticulations, which were calculated to amuse others besides "young lads." Widow Porter overlooked deficiencies and pronounced him "the most sensible man she had ever seen in her life." To avoid the curious they went to Derby for the wedding. On the way they fell out. "Sir," said Johnson afterwards to the inquisitive Boswell, "she had read the old romances and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should treat her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she couldn't keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower she passed me and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she couldn't miss it; and I contrived that she should come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears."

We hear of one other quarrel. On account of his short sight he used to hold the candle close to his face while reading. Sometimes when it burnt low, he turned it upside down and dropped the grease on the floor. Once Mrs. Johnson's remonstrances were more vigorous and sustained than usual. "My dear," he growled at last, "we've had enough about the floor; let us have something now about the ceiling." There was strong affection between them. She was his "dear Tetty" until her death; and eighteen years after her death he wrote in his diary, "when I recollect the time in which we lived together, my grief for her has not abated, and I have less pleasure in any good that befalls me because she does not partake of it."

Now, Mrs. Johnson had £500; and with this he started a school. In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1736, appeared the advertisement—"At Edial, near Lichfield in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." Three pupils came, two of them sons of a Captain Garrick. After eighteen months there were no more, and Johnson resolved to try his fortune with a drama. In March, 1737, with rather more than half a tragedy in his pocket, he set out, with his pupil, David Garrick, for London. They "rode and tied," that is, rode one horse, turn and turn about; and thus entered the great city, where later they became so distinguished.

After a brief sojourn in town, Johnson took a lodging at Greenwich, and tried to finish his tragedy. He was lonely and anxious and could not write. Under the best of circumstances "Irene" was a laboured production. Dramatic elements perhaps were in it, but they did not blend happily. Returning to Lichfield, where he had left his wife, he managed to complete it there, and then in 1738, with his wife, he arrived a second time in the metropolis, "to do or die."

"Irene" was rejected, but Cave gave him work on *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He received also £10 for a poem in imitation of Juvenal entitled "London." It came

out the same year as Pope's "1738," and challenged comparison with it. Now it is chiefly interesting for the author's first and gloomy impressions of the city where in after years he was so entirely in his element. He speaks forcibly, almost savagely of hardship in the midst of plenty.

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

Pope inquired after the writer, and was informed that it was by "a poor man named Johnson." He tried with others, in vain, to get him a mastership and a degree. Next year Johnson was glad to borrow half-a-crown from Cave for work in advance, and signed himself; one of his letters, "Yours impransus." For the *Gentleman's Magazine* he wrote *Debates of the Senate of Lilliput*. Reporting was forbidden in the House of Commons; but a member, Guthrie, who had a good memory, and a good digestion, used to sit through the discussions and write down afterwards what he recollected. Johnson worked up Guthrie's notes into eloquent orations, and earned thereby a regular supply of housekeeping money. When, however, he understood that the *Debates* were taken as genuine, he declined to continue them. He would not be a party to a fraud.

In these days of bitter struggle, Johnson made the acquaintance of Richard Savage, who claimed to be an illegitimate son of the Countess of Macclesfield, and was certainly ill-treated and gifted but profligate. He pitied and befriended him, and on his death in prison, in 1743, he wrote the story of his life. It is his first piece of biography, and one of his best. Reynolds took it up as he stood at his fireplace and read on until his arm was numbed. Johnson heard it praised while he dined one day at Cave's house behind a screen—too poor and shabby to appear at table. Stern personal experience runs through the book. "Those are no proper judges," he wrote, "of his conduct who have slumbered away their time on the down of abundance, nor will a wise man easily presume to say, Had I been in Savage's condition I should have lived or written better."

For years he struggled on, doing any honest work—pamphlets, epitaphs, sermons, short poetical pieces, paragraphs for the magazines. He was keenly interested in the Stuart rising of 1745. As a strong Tory, he sympathised with the rebels. This was to be on the unpopular side. It did not help him that he was in opposition to the Government and outspoken in his opinions. One day, when Hogarth called on Samuel Richardson and expressed Whig sentiments about the rebellion, he was aware of a person standing at the window who shook his head and rolled his body about in such an extraordinary manner that he concluded him to be some weak-minded protégé of the benevolent novelist. But suddenly, to his astonishment, the supposed lunatic stepped forward and burst out into a torrent of eloquence against George II. This was the first time Hogarth and Johnson met and they were not introduced.

In 1747, however, Johnson's merits were sufficiently known to encourage the London publishers to contract with him for the *Dictionary of the English Language*,

The prospectus was addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who sent the editor £10, and took no further notice of him. Afterwards Johnson spoke indignantly of having waited in his outer rooms and been repulsed from the door. He looked in vain to "the great." Disappointed expectations from that quarter are among the sufferings named in his poem *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, written in 1748, in a lodging which he had taken at Hampstead for his wife's health, when he had toiled for ten years in London and was yet scarcely able to pay his way:—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,

And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,

Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

His first real "lift" came from David Garrick, who, passing from law to the stage, had created a sensation, in 1741, by his performance of Richard III. In 1747 he became manager of Drury Lane, and asked from Johnson an opening prologue. Then, having established himself in the new theatre, in 1749, he produced his old master's tragedy, *Irene*—forced it for nine nights and obtained for the author a profit of nearly £200. The sale of the copyright realised another £100. And for the first time since the failure of his school at Edial, Johnson was able to look a bit freely about him. He took a house in Gough-square—his one home in London that remains—and turned the garret into a workshop for his Dictionary. He started also *The Rambler*, which, issued every Tuesday and Saturday, and reaching a circulation of about 500, brought in something towards the expenses of his wife's illness. In the opening paper we find the following: "But whether my expectations are most fixed on pardon or praise, I think it not necessary to discover; for having accurately weighed the reasons for arrogance and submission, I find them so nearly equiponderant that my impatience to try the event of my first performance will not suffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance." This is "Johnsonian English," the style polite people then enjoyed, the best authors affected, marked by long learned-looking words of Latin origin and well-balanced stately sentences. By perfecting such a style, Johnson prepared for its supersession.

It was in reaction against this that Goldsmith returned to the manner of the Queen Anne Essayists—their light touch, their easy yet choice English, their humour and gaiety. *The Rambler* is elephantine after *The Tailor* and *The Spectator*, and Goldsmith felt it such. He, therefore, made Addison and Steele, and not his loved contemporary, his model in "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Citizen of the World." But this was not a natural development. The true successor to Johnsonian dignity is not the archaic gracefulness of Goldsmith, but the simplicity of Wordsworth and Scott.

The Rambler lasted only two years, until March 14, 1752. On the 17th Mrs. Johnson died. It had been published to meet the cost of her illness, and it ended with her death. Johnson had not the heart nor

the same occasion to continue it. She was dear to him. The anniversary of her death was one of the days he kept for prayer and meditation at home. Twenty-six years after their separation he wrote, "Whatever our faults and failings, we loved each other. I did not forget thee yesterday." And again, 1782, two years before his own decease, "This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Tetty died. I have not uttered a prayer of repentance and contrition. God help me. Thou God art merciful, hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee."

E. I. F.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE "CROW'S NEST."

"THE air bites shrewdly here," remarks that one of two travellers who is given to quoting Shakespeare in season and out of season. And indeed on this particular August morning the quotation seems seasonable enough, when one advances an inquiring nose beyond the embrace of the "duvet." A few moments of cowardly reflection; then a leap out of bed, and another to the window, and, behold—an arctic fairyland! The whole world lies under an unsullied mantle of snow! Snow under the pale morning light on remote hill-tops, snow outlining every drooping branch of the pines clothing the mountain sides, snow lying in an unbroken amplitude over the meadows where yesterday the cows were cropping the summer flowers, snow making a scheme of architecture of the rough farm chalets which puts to shame the mediæval builders, snow covering with enchantment all the unsightly circumstance of a diligence station in a lonely mountain valley. The cows, aggrieved at this premature experience, huddle beseechingly under the shelter of their house, mutely entreating an opened door. Very cold, and three inches of snow! They can give you an appetising dinner at the little hotel, but otherwise it is not luxurious. We glance dubiously up the white road to the Ofener Pass. "Can we have a fire?" we ask; and the bright little waitress, who has hovered round us ever since we arrived last night, replies briskly that even now they are "making some fire." Visions of a good blaze and an armchair beside it, to say nothing of some English books wonderfully discovered in the dining-room, assail the natural—woman (yes, it is the woman). Then let those gathering clouds empty themselves over the Pass. But the vision is rudely dispelled. We see a few sticks kindled at the back of the huge black stove, and as for the armchair, that too is only a dream. The white world outside is more inviting than this shivering indoors. Excelsior! and we march boldly out into the August rendering of December, up the road, and in the forest path, where the long arms of the pines groan under their burden, and where we look down dim vistas whose carpet of fern and flowers glanced and quivered yesterday with shafts of golden light. But the wise flowers know this is only an episode. The sun is on their side still; as soon as he shall show his face these winter skirmishers will vanish. Here and there a bluebell braves them all, her slender stalk bending

under a lump of snow, above which her delicate blue shows sapphire-like. Cold? How could we ever have thought it cold as our blood leaps and tingles in the brisk air? Here is the diligence meeting us; the driver and his five horses cheery enough, but the inside passengers muffled up and with windows closed. They seem to glance out discontentedly at the sudden apparition of two red faces. They pass with a thought, and we are left once more alone in the world, with the snow and the mountains and the forest, and never a wayfarer except ourselves.

The top of the Pass at last. We pause to look back on the magic picture we are leaving, that we may print it on our minds for ever. And then we go down, and winter goes with us a bit of the way, but presently hesitates and falls back as we penetrate a valley less bold, more habitable, and much more inhabited than the region behind us. Now we see Cierfs at our feet, clustering whitely round its church. Lü peeps round at us from that alp to our left. All the snow has vanished from our path, and the hill-tops are hidden in cloud. We descend the even road of the Münsterthal and so to comparative civilisation, and there is only the memory of that splendid vision which the august heights in one of their many moods have vouchsafed us.

Presently come a village and a church. We try the door of the church, and finding it open we enter. We have tried many church-doors in our tramp from Brieg to the Münsterthal, and we have almost invariably found the Catholic churches open to the worshipper. We feel a sort of affection for the wood painted to look like marble, the sickly-sweet Madonnas, the recurring saints, the violent sculpture, the gorgeous altar-erections flaring with gilt and artificial flowers and tinsel leaves, for we begin dimly to understand that the maternal pity, the remote ideals, the unfamiliar beauty which the worshippers see in all these things are indeed one avenue to *le bon Dieu*. However, this particular door does not admit us to the usual blaze of colour and gold, only to the very barest of little churches, where the one bit of relief is some crude colour-design on the pulpit and a text traced on the stonework above it. Then a thought strikes us simultaneously, and the bare little place suddenly assumes an intimate interest. Surely, this is Fuldera—this is that "Crow's Nest," from which echoes, gently humorous, gently pathetic, gently serious, have reached us through the pages of THE INQUIRER and struck our imagination. To the Swiss peasants, seated on these humble benches, has ministered for two years, in their native tongue of Romanisch, one who must have seemed to them a visitant from another world; an Englishman, a scholar, a thinker, who strove to enlarge their souls beyond the reach of the everlasting hills which limit their visible world, and who received from them, in return, also a great gift—the gift of Life.

We look at the round Lord's table, with its quaint carving, the bare benches in the tiny apse, the dates bluntly inscribed above on the white wall ("1708 Fabricha, Renova 1790"), the books in Romanisch in the pulpit, the names neatly cut on the seats; and we feel that the humble and the sublime often lie very near together.

Then we close the door of this tiny wayside church, and step into the village street.

A young man in an open door opposite has marked our entrance and our exit with evident surprise and profound interest. We appeal to him to confirm our impressions. "Yes, yes, this is Fuldera." And M. Lummis, Pfarrer Lummis, he was here, was he not? As for us, we are M. Lummis's friends. His face lights up directly in a way pleasant to see, and he shakes hands with us vigorously. Obviously, to be M. Lummis's friend is also to be his friend. He has very much to say which we only half understand, and for the moment we are inclined to agree with Denys the archer, "What avail so many jargons except to put a frontier atwixt men's hearts?" However, we gather that the "Crow's Nest" has a very warm corner kept in it for the Pfarrer, that he hopes much he has kept well since he went away, that they have no Pfarrer of their own now, that the bell has been put up not here at Fuldera, but—with a large sweep of the arm—far on high, at Lü, and that he will gladly show us where the Pfarrer lived. So he takes us to the parsonage, and would take us all over it too except that the door is locked and we will not let him fetch the key. His name? It is Domenic Fluor, and that there may be no mistake he writes it carefully down against the house-door. He would indeed like to be recalled to M. Lummis's remembrance. And so adieu, with much pleasure and cordiality.

But we had nearly forgotten, and return hurriedly to ask after the dog, that beloved fox-terrier who was so hard to part with. "Ah, the little dog! Yes, he is at Valcava, where we are going." And after more directions which we do not quite grasp, and more impressive leave-takings, we make our way to the next village, Valcava.

Here we institute inquiries, and are soon the centre of much voluble talk but little comprehension. Luckily one arrives on the scene who can speak a little French, and he forthwith conducts us back to a superior looking dwelling we had already passed, and ushers us in without ceremony upon an old gentleman in a skull-cap and a younger man who is probably his son. (Obviously these are not peasants; we learn afterwards the old gentleman is an "avocat.") They receive us with a courtesy which shows no surprise at our invasion, while we explain that we should much like to be permitted to see Mr. Lummis's dog, so that we could send word of his well-being. The son goes off smilingly to fetch the hero, who presently rushes in à la fox-terrier, ears and tail all alert, and immediately and ecstatically makes friends with us. Perhaps, like the giant of old, though with different intentions, "he smells the blood of an Englishman," and accepts it as a testimonial and reminiscent of past joys. His present owners look on benignly while he rolls over on his back and expresses his interest in us in all the terms at his disposal. Nevertheless, when at last we feel in common decency we must tear ourselves away from him, and terminate this unconventional call, he only takes us to the door; when we suggest his coming with us he sidles back apologetically. That is

his home now and those are his people, and certainly he is fat and well-liking. So his old master may be at ease concerning him.

An interested group outside awaits our reappearance. "Oh yes, we have seen the dog; he is the dog of our friend," we say in French exercise-book style of our schooldays—the only occasion when it has been of any use. Our friend the linguist, whose ideal of canine beauty probably does not lie in fox-terriers, remarks, sacrilegiously, "Mais ce chien n'est pas joli chien," whereat our energetic negative outstrips and leaves our French behind. "What is a crocus when one wants a dog?" What, indeed? The crocuses are still here, spreading patches of sheeny satin over the meadows. And "the little dog" is here too, not forgetful of old friends, but evidently happy with his new ones.

And then we go on to Santa Maria, which for some days we make our home, and in whose beauty we are "shut up in measureless content." Here, too, we hear much of Mr. Lummis. Mine host of the Hotel Stelvio, Pfarrer Filli, with whom we make good friends, the keeper of the little village shop, who has been in America and speaks English with a mournful and casual air, all sound his praise. And the only reason for writing this is not to recount our adventures, but to remind a former Pfarrer that there are hearts holding his name in high remembrance in this remotest corner of Switzerland, and following it, rather wistfully perhaps, into that strange and far-off England which gave him and has taken him back.

F. ROBERTS.

*Santa Maria, in Münsterthal,
September, 1909.*

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE.

[Under this heading writers discuss freely from their own point of view living problems of Religion, Ethics, and Social Reform, but the Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

THE EVOLUTION OF SOCIALISM.

BY GEORGE F. MILLIN.

IN the discussion of public affairs nothing is commoner than to hear socialism spoken of as something impending, a new and untried system which threatens to revolutionise society if all who believe in individualism do not unite to prevent it.

This, of course, is very absurd. Socialism in the abstract is neither more nor less than the vital force that has brought about all the developments of society from the earliest dawn of civilisation. It is a force that has evolved along two main lines, the military and the civil. The germ of it is to be found in the gregarious instinct which first held the family together and afterwards bound families in clans and tribes. The social system, society, socialism began when, outside the family wigwam there was no system at all, nothing but "the good old rule," which served for man and beast alike—

"The good old rule—the simple plan

That they should take who have the power,

And they should keep who can."

Men were merely animals, supplying their own needs each by his own individual strength, and there would naturally be plenty of fighting among them. It was no doubt mainly the fighting that first brought them together. They gathered in clans for mutual help and encouragement in defensive and aggressive warfare. In yielding to the gregarious instinct implanted within them they found not only a natural pleasure but a working principle of the utmost practical value. Primeval men did not, one may be sure, co-operate with each other in any spirit of fraternity, or because they thought it right. They had no altruistic theories of any kind. Practical experience taught them that in collective action there was an unmistakable advantage. It was, in fact, imperatively necessary for food and freedom and life itself. No doubt it would be a question with them—just as it is with us—whether they would thus combine—whether they would be socialists or individualists. Many of the more purblind and truculent among them would not very easily be brought to toe any kind of line, or fall into any system. As rollicking Yankees sometimes express it, they would be determined to "do as they darned please," and they would rant fine things about freedom and independence, and the right of every man to develop his own individuality in his own way. Of course they would not express it in these terms of modern evolutionary science. They would put it more in the Yankee way, but they would mean just the same thing. They would resent any grandmotherly interference, and would strongly object to being turned into machines. But in the end the most ferocious individualists among them would be bound to combine or go under.

The earliest glimmer of collectivism, then, showed itself in a bristling mob of naked savages plotting together to circumvent their foes, helping each other to barb their spears, to shape their canoes, and to give the most deadly form to their clubs. The latest and fullest developments of precisely the same thing are to be seen to-day in the German army and the British Navy. For untold ages the savagery of human nature has been evolving its fighting organisation, specialising its power, expanding its resources, appropriating every advance in science and invention, and it is still "progressing." Hitherto its conflicts have been confined to land and water; it is now all eagerness to be ready for battle in the air. Militarism to a great many people—and they are generally the most pronounced individualists—appears to be the acme of civilisation, the greatest and most indispensable development of human power. Among such people there are a good many simple souls who regard it as the very antithesis of socialism, indeed in the last resort, the only trustworthy bulwark against the odious craze. But, of course, militarism was from the first all of it socialism—combination of resources, systematised effort, organisation for common purpose—and it is all of it socialism still. The entire mechanism is all of it publicly owned, all maintained, actuated and controlled out of common funds for the common service. That is state socialism, only it is the socialism of the savagery still inherent in all states

What the world needs is the socialism of peace, of civilisation, of beneficence. Militarism is the socialism of death and destruction. What we want is the socialism of life and productiveness, fully developed. That has been coming along also, and it is already manifestly the stronger force of the two. It is inevitably getting the upper hand, and for some of us at least there are entrancing moments when the final triumph seems very near indeed.

Precisely as combination gave undoubted advantages on the war-path, so it has done in all the peaceful activities of the world. The first two socialists in civil life may be conceived to have been two men who agreed to stand one at each end of a rabbit-hole and to share the rabbits they caught. Experience would be sure to show them that in thus working together they would, in the long run, catch twice as many rabbits in half the time. They would both get more to eat and would both have more time to lie in the sun and smoke their pipes or in other ways to "develop their own individuality." That in a nutshell was the case for socialism at its earliest dawn, and it is the primary case still. The material advantage of co-operation would be very obvious from the first, even to the savage, but there would be another, an unspeakably greater advantage, of which these primeval savages would be as unconscious as though they were both of them modern English Dukes. From the moment they began to chum they would be less savage, and, of course, it would be just the same whether they were chumming for the war-path or for the comparatively humane activities of the hunting field. The moment they began to help each other in a common undertaking they would begin the better to know each other and to understand each other. They would begin to emerge from the purely selfish isolation of the mere animal. They would have taken the first step towards civilisation, and they would go home better chums and better men. From the division of the day's spoil—even if they had quarrelled over the business—they would have got some first faint conception of equity of fair and generous dealing between man and man—just a feeble, phosphorescent glimmer of "business," and morality, and practical religion, or a sense of the need of it, which would be the same thing. It would be the earliest scintillation of the altruism by-and-by to shine out with such splendid effulgence in the "Golden Rule" of the "Founder of Christianity," to this day as matchless in the world of spiritual force as militarism in the world of brute power.

Presently the two co-operators would become a band of hunters who would parcel out their field and work together upon a system, giving this function to one man and that to another, and, perhaps, leaving at home one handy, ingenious fellow to make and repair traps and nets. To the social principle of co-operation would thus be added the division of labour, another momentous advance in the great industrial evolution. Moreover, the idea of equity would undergo a further expansion in deciding the more complicated question of the division of the produce of

each day's hunt among those discharging different functions.

People who do not understand socialism, by the way, are always scaring themselves and others by the supposition that it involves equality. Of course it does not do so. These primitive hunters would be a little socialist community, working for their daily living under purely collectivist conditions. But they would be persons of varying ability, and would be discharging functions of varying degrees of importance, and all working under one master mind elected to command. Whether the spoils of each day should be equally or unequally divided would not in the least affect the fundamental co-operative principle on which they were all agreed to work, though, of course, it is quite conceivable that this right principle might have a wrong application in matters of detail. Those who most clearly see through the subject are the most confident that while socialism tends to material equality, it tends at the same time at least, as powerfully and directly to the fullest development of personal freedom and individuality, and therefore to every kind of personal inequality.

Throughout unnumbered centuries, generation after generation, there have grown greater multiplicity of interests, greater intricacy, more elaborate organisation, moral points of greater complexity, making greater and greater demands on moral judgment, the heaven-implanted sense of right and wrong, and all the way through the tendency has been always upwards. There is no feature of our social system—good or bad—which has not thus grown out of the immanent divine in human nature, and it is nothing but the increasing boldness and grandeur of modern social conceptions that give to laggard minds the impression of something absolutely new, something untried and perilous.

Just as people talk of socialism as though it were a new thing, so they talk of Christianity as though it had been "founded" nineteen hundred years ago. Christianity—society—socialism—was founded when human nature was founded, and it has been in unceasing evolution ever since. The mere gregarious instinct implanted within men drew them together and mere self-interest beguiled them into co-operation. The closer they were drawn, the better they understood each other, the stronger became their consciousness of common interests, common needs, common dangers, common joys and sorrows. Out of common experiences men first learned to sympathise with each other, and sympathy is brotherhood. It grew naturally out of the fighting organisation of the earliest savages, and the precarious conditions of their food supplies; but with each advance in the idea of human brotherhood there loomed out brighter and clearer the conception of Divine Fatherhood. The brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God and the duty of subordinating individual interests to the common good are ideas that have grown out of the very nature of humanity. They are the ideas out of which socialism has sprung, and they are the very quintessence of the message which Christ formulated, and enforced with so supreme a power by giving in his own life a surper-

lative illustration of their working out, and to the truth of which he testified by his death.

A PROBLEM OF "CONFISCATION."

BY LAURA ACKROYD.

NOT until one hears people tearing the Budget to pieces on the sun-lit heights above a Cornish cove, led by a woman with a gentle voice and kindly disposition, who alternately praises the glorious air which does her daughters so much good and expresses her disapproval of the "iniquitous attempts on the part of the Government to rob the rich for the benefit of the poor," does one quite realise to what deaf ears Nature whispers her Socialistic gospel of health and regeneration for all mankind. With the shining sapphire sea lying before them which so many weary eyes will never behold, with the very grass at their feet breaking into blossoms of which millions do not even know the names, these wonderful people blithely swear allegiance to a fast-dying feudal system which they would rivet, if they could, more firmly to the land, giving thanks to Heaven that they are not like those ungodly Liberals who try to catch the votes of the people by promising them the contents of wealthy men's pockets. And all the time one wonders despairingly how one is ever going to enjoy one's holiday if discussions of this futile order keep the mind perpetually chained to the problem of poverty which unremittently obsesses it in London, but which one had hoped to forget for two short weeks in the wilderness!

But it is well to be reminded, even while the senses are lulled amid a tangle of sun-scorched bracken by the manifold perfumes of a hot August day, that the political questions which seem to harass but little a village more than 300 miles from Westminster, are as intimately connected with the golden corn waving under the light-house walls as with the Report of a Royal Commission, or the rules of Parliamentary procedure. We get too much into the habit of regarding the activities of statesmen as if they had no reference to the more picturesque and romantic interests of life—as if man's love of liberty, his imperative desire for happiness, and the vital importance (usually recognised by him) of keeping close to the wild, warm mother-heart of Nature, are not all implicit even in the complicated and wearisome details of a Finance Bill! What, for instance, we feel inclined to say, turning indignantly from people who *will* discuss the death duties on a morning of Mediterranean splendour, have the principles of taxation to do with the pageantry of summer, with the rosy blossoms of the daphne, and the feathered stems of the tamarisk that bend so winsomely in the breeze? And the reply is—nothing, to one who looks at life in its varied aspects from the unimaginative standpoint, and fails to see in a Chancellor of the Exchequer pleading the cause of the people anything more than a political automaton crammed with statistics, or a humorous character out of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. But to those who are thrilling with the hope of a still far-off future in which every child shall

be surrounded from birth by the conditions necessary for healthy human development, and neither oppressed when it grows up by the fear of want, nor demoralised by spasmodic charity, even the rippling waves and rustling wheat-ears are not more rhythmical with the promise of life than the practised utterances of Cabinet Ministers whose eyes are fixed on the dawn for which the democracy has waited so long.

Does this sound so very paradoxical? And is it, then, such a prosaic piece of work which they have in hand whose spirits are toughening under the lash of opposition as they slowly and painfully build the foundations of a fairer lot for humanity? We are indeed wrapped in a torpor deadlier than death if we see no poetry in labour such as theirs, no prophecy of a future in which the common toiler, equally with the man of refinement and sensibility, may look to hear

"Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immemorial horn."

As a matter of fact the politician, if he is not to outward seeming engaged equally with the poet in brooding with beauty "the sad theme of sorrow" when he introduces measures for the relief of unemployment, or the better housing of the poor, is at least opening fresh doors through which the pure air and revivifying sunshine may stream into the wretched homes of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and into those dark places of human consciousness which have been hitherto filled with vicious and lurid dreams. Francis Thompson wondered "what would have betided the dewy sensitiveness of Shelley" if he had been "cooped in an English city," and whether that radiant spirit "could have created 'The Revolt of Islam' if he had not risen warm from the lap of the poet's land," intoxicated with the Italian spring. Sitting on a sunny headland overlooking the sea, while the almond-like scent of the gorse enfolds one as with a subtle garment of perfume, one recalls these words, realising with sudden and extraordinary vividness how many vital issues are decided by environment, and how futile is all our talk of an Imperial race, if we do not dig about the foundations of our national life, and see that the men and women who are to carry on the English traditions have, at least, a fair chance of health, and love, and happiness. When one tries for a moment to picture all the horrors which must inevitably result from over-crowding and under-feeding, from bad sanitation and inadequate nursing in times of sickness, from the temptation to drink, and the craving for vulgar amusements characteristic of undeveloped and unbalanced minds in all classes, from the constant familiarity with crime, from the perpetual dread of destitution, and the piteous lack of a sense of beauty (all of which must be taken into account when we are considering the miseries and vices of the poor), one is staggered not so much by the selfishness, as by the want of practical foresight which the opponents of democratic social reform betray. If these thriftless patriots could only realise what a heavy price they will have to pay ultimately for letting ill weeds grow apace at

such an alarming rate in the slums of our great cities, they would perhaps think it expedient at last to devote a little more of the public money to the improvement of the soil from which British "pluck" and "grit" are supposed to spring without any assistance. For, after all, no reasonable person could expect evil conditions to produce healthy, vigorous, and virtuous human beings, any more than he would expect prize roses to bloom in an untended and overgrown garden, ravaged by blight, and given up to the depredations of the caterpillar! But people trained in the ultra-individualistic notions which wealth encourages have notoriously unscientific and illogical minds which refuse to study the laws of cause and effect; and until the "gradual gospels" of more enlightened and disinterested thinkers have permeated society, the man of many possessions will, as a rule, bitterly oppose the so-called revolutionary tactics of humanitarians who bring, at least, as much commonsense to bear upon the problems with which they deal as one looks to find in a market gardener. And well will it be for us if, when we are called upon to do battle for the principles of justice and equality in which we believe, we remind ourselves that the foeman is, after all, a creature like unto ourselves, and even deserving of pity. "However much these people may persuade themselves that they are acting for the general good," said Tolstoy a few weeks ago, referring to the Russian Government in a letter written after the arrest of his secretary, "however much they may gain approval and praise for their actions from others such as they—they are still human beings. Yea, and for the most part kindly human beings, who feel and know in the depths of their hearts that they are doing amiss, and that they are . . . slamming behind them the door through which leads the way to all the real and best delights of existence."

All of which was whispered by the Spirit of Beauty in the ears of those enemies of the Budget who talked of "confiscation" by the Cornish sea; but they idly prodded the grass which she had jewelled with flowers, and heard nothing of what she said.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE autumn session, which is always a period of great activity in the publishing world, is now upon us, and, judging from the announcements received relating to books which are being brought out by various well-known firms, the literary output this year will not be marked by dulness, if it lacks surprises. In the long list of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s publications we are glad to see the name of the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, whose new book, "The Common Sense of Political Economy," will be welcomed by readers of THE INQUIRER. Mr. Wicksteed explains in his introduction that his object is to place in the hands of his reader a clue "which will lead him, directly or inevitably, from the facts and observations of his own daily experience to an intimate comprehension of the machinery of the

industrial and commercial world." It also attempts "to convince professed students of Political Economy that any special or unusual features in the system thus constructed are not to be regarded as daring innovations or as heresies, but are already strictly involved, and often explicitly recognised, in the best thought and teaching of recent years."

* * *

FROM the same publishers will shortly come "The Working Faith of the Social Reformer," by Professor Henry Jones, whose last book, "Idealism as a Practical Creed," was reviewed in these columns only two months ago; and "The Approach to the Social Question," by Professor Peabody, of Harvard University, author of "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," is another work dealing with what may be called the greatest of all modern problems. Mr. Secbohm Rowntree's "Land and Labour: Lessons from Belgium," and "Charity and Social Life," by Mr. C. S. Loch, must also be mentioned in this connection. Mr. Loch, who is the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, recognises that a wider standpoint must be taken to-day from that which was formerly adopted by the dispensers of relief and alms, charity being understood to mean "a disciplined and habitual mood in which the mind is considerate of the welfare of others individually and generally, and devises what is for their real good." It will be interesting to see how this idea is worked out in view of the modern trend of thought in regard to the subject dealt with.

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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, after a fairly long silence, which has lately been broken by "The City of Brass" (not to everybody's satisfaction!), has evidently been working harder than we imagined, and his volume of stories and poems, entitled "Actions and Reactions," will shortly appear. We are to have, also, "Time's Laughing-Stocks and other Poems," by Thomas Hardy, also another historical romance, "Robert Emmet," by Stephen Gwynn, M.P., who takes for his hero the Irish patriot, who was hanged for his share in attempting to seize Dublin Castle in 1803. Sarah Curran, daughter of the famous orator, and many other "real people" bearing their true names, also figure in his pages, and the story is based "on materials, especially secret papers of the time, which have never before been at the disposal of any biographer of Emmet."

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MUSIC-LOVERS will be glad to hear that Vol. V. of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, has been completed, and that it includes an article on Tchaikowsky by Mrs. Newmarch, and a list of collections of Volkslieder by Mrs. Wodehouse. Mr. Frank Kidson writes on Welsh Music, and the biography of Wagner has been largely increased. The "Dictionary" also gives a good deal of supplementary information about artists and composers who have come into prominence since its issue in its revised form.

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AMONG the few living thinkers of whom mention is made in the late Father Tyrrell's profoundly interesting article in the current

Quarterly, is Professor Émile Boutroux, whose brilliant work on "Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy," has just been translated by Mr. J. Nield. Messrs. Duckworth & Co. are publishing the book, which deals with some of the great and ever new problems of existence, and presents an outlook wider than that of the scientist and theologian. M. Boutroux, so well known at the University of Paris, is a man, however, whose intense personal convictions do not prevent him from appreciating "the opposite point of view."

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MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. are also inaugurating a New Series under the general title of "Studies in Theology." The volumes will deal, in the manner of hand-books to be used as aids to interpretation in Biblical Criticism, with the various religious questions which modern thinkers are constantly compelled to re-state, and the writers are representative scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. Amongst those now in preparation are the following:—"A Critical Introduction to the New Testament," by Professor A. S. Peake, "Faith and its Psychology," by the Rev. William R. Inge; "Philosophy and Religion," by the Rev. Hastings Rashdall; "A Critical Introduction to the Old Testament," by the Rev. George Buchanan Gray; and "Christianity and Social Problems," by the Rev. William Cunningham.

* * *

THE publication of "The Meaning of Truth: a Sequel to 'Pragmatism,'" by Professor William James (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.), will be eagerly awaited by the growing number of readers who have been captured by the charm of this fearless philosopher's style, and the sincerity and boldness of his line of thought. By many his "Variety of Religious Experiences" is still regarded as the gateway through which their mind has entered upon new paths of speculation which are now leading us further than ever from the old dusty road of uninspiring materialism.

* * *

THE discovery of the Hudson River, the tercentenary of which is now being celebrated in Holland and America, is the subject of a volume by T. A. Janvier which Harper & Brothers are shortly issuing under the title of "Henry Hudson." It is the result of careful research among contemporary documents, and narrates the explorer's adventurous career and dramatic end. Apropos of explorations, it is interesting to know that Dr. Cook's account of an expedition previous to his dash for the North Pole, told by himself, and published by Messrs. Hodder & Stroughton, under the title of "To the Top of the Continent," relates to the conquest of Mount McKinley, which, with an altitude of 20,390 feet, ranks as the loftiest peak, not only in Alaska, but in the whole of North America. Besides Dr. Cook's spirited narrative, the book contains numerous photographs, and valuable appendices dealing with the scientific results of the expedition.

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ACCORDING to the Stockholm *Tidning* Dr. Sven Hedin has almost finished the book in which he describes his recent journey of exploration in Tibet. It will fill two handsome volumes and is to be

called "Transhimalaya." Arrangements have been made for its simultaneous publication in thirteen countries. The other great travel book of the autumn season will be Lieutenant Shackleton's account of his Antarctic expedition. Though likely to equal the other as a record of adventure and heroic endurance, it hardly promises such a feast of good things. Dr. Sven Hedin's book should be specially attractive to the student of ethnology and folk-lore.

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MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. will issue almost immediately a new edition of "Le Morte d'Arthur," illustrated and decorated by that strange genius, Aubrey Beardsley, an exhibition of whose drawings is at present being held at the Baillie Gallery. This edition contains all Beardsley's original designs and illustrations, and will be limited to one thousand copies for England, and five hundred for America. The work was originally issued in two volumes some sixteen years ago, and, as this beautiful edition has long been out of print, the publishers in reissuing it are making Beardsley's decorative art accessible to a wider circle of admirers.

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THE same firm is also publishing Miss Melian Stawell's "Homer and the Iliad." Miss Stawell disagrees with many Homeric students in their conclusions about the "Iliad," and thinks it is a far larger work than it has usually been supposed to be, and that the "Odyssey" is actually by the same author. The book is designed for lovers of literature, but its discussion of the disputed passages about the armour and its lengthy appendix dealing with language and grammar will entitle it to the consideration of scholars and those who are interested in the study of Greek.

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THOSE of our readers who are familiar with Dutch will be interested to see the popular edition of the New Testament, "made readable for the laity," issued last year by the Rev. H. Bakels, a liberal Baptist (Mennonite) minister in Holland. The translation is new, though it keeps, particularly in the Gospels, as near as possible to the received version of 1619; and passages of special significance are given in prominent type, comparative and superlative, in such a way as to rivet the attention of anyone turning over the pages. There is a general introduction, and a brief special introduction to each book and helpful notes at the bottom of the pages. Mr. Bakels has a decided gift of popular exposition, and he appears to us to have succeeded admirably in the end he had in view.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

MESSRS. H. R. ALLENSON:—"Christ in Daily Life." A. M. Cameron. 1s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—"History of Scotland." Vol. 3. P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. 4s. 6d.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS:—"The King of the Golden River." John Ruskin. "Rab and His Friends." Dr. John Brown. "Old Christmas." Washington Irving. 1s. each.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co.:—"Homer and the Iliad." F. M. Stawell. 10s. 6d.

MR. G. TYAL:—"Forms of Religion." John Coutts. 6s.

FROM OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS:—"The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities." L. H. Jordan and B. Labanca. 6s.

British Health Review.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

REMARKABLE GATHERING AT OXFORD.

THE Hibbert School of Theology was opened in the Hall of Balliol College, Oxford, on Monday evening, and it will be continued until the 24th inst. There were upwards of seventy persons in attendance, including representatives of the Church of England, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, &c.

Amongst those taking part in the gathering were Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, principal of Manchester College, Oxford (Chairman of the Executive Committee), Prof. S. R. Driver, Prof. Percy Gardner, Count Goblet d'Alviella (Brussels), Prof. E. von Dobschütz (Strassburg), the Rev. A. J. Carlyle, University College, and the Rev. G. W. Thatcher, Mansfield College (hon. secretaries); the Rev. A. L. Lilley (Paddington), Mr. R. R. Marett (Exeter College), the Rev. Dr. H. Rashdall (New College), Mr. C. C. J. Webb (Magdalen College), the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, the Rev. G. H. Box (St. John's College), the Rev. Dr. G. B. Gray (Mansfield College), the Rev. Dr. R. H. Charles (Exeter College), Dr. A. S. Hunt (Queen's College), the Rev. Prof. K. Lake (Leyden), the Rev. Dr. J. E. Odgers (Manchester College), Dr. L. R. Farnell (Exeter College), the Rev. Prof. J. Hope Moulton (Manchester), The Principal of Mansfield College, and many others.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

Dr. CARPENTER, in opening the proceedings, said he was exceedingly happy, on behalf of the Committee which had organised the School of Theology which opened that night, to welcome this assembly in the Hall which the Master and Fellows of Balliol had so kindly placed at their disposal. It would perhaps not be without interest to some members of the school to know that a school of this kind was first thought of in Oxford some two years ago, and the experience of the Congress of the History of Religions, which was held in Oxford at this date last year, encouraged those who desired to see a school organised on what might be called an inter-denominational basis. The experiment of the Congress encouraged those who had a school of this kind at heart to proceed to organise something which should worthily represent the great theological divisions of Oxford and also the wider outlook which theology had assumed in our own time. The Committee had been remarkably fortunate in enlisting in the service some of the most distinguished of British and, he was happy to add, Continental scholars. Count Goblet d'Alviella, Senator and Professor of the University of Brussels, had done them the honour to address them; Professor Lake, of Leyden, was no stranger in Oxford, though he came from another country to give them the benefit of his special studies in New Testament criticism, and Prof. Dobschütz, of Strassburg, who contributed an important paper to the Congress of the History of Religions last year, was kind enough to come over to discuss in further detail the very important subject of the new Eschatology on which his address was so warmly welcomed by Prof. Sanday, who was President of the Section of Christianity. One voice they had hoped to hear had passed into the silence; they lamented exceedingly, not only their own personal loss, but the loss of English religious

thought, in the death of the late Father Geo. Tyrrell. They had expected from him a discussion of the very highest religious value on which, if he might judge by his previous writings, he was especially qualified to speak. His place will be occupied by no unworthy successor—the Rev. A. L. Lilley—who would address them on a subject of the greatest interest in religious life of Europe at the present time, “Modernism,” of which, as every one knew, he had made a special study. The programme was of considerable length and of great variety. The field of Theology covered so many subjects that in order to give some representation to at least the great branches of the study it was necessary to extend their programme to something like fifty lectures. He did not anticipate that any of the members of the school would attend all the lectures, but at any rate they hoped that such representation had been given to the special studies and particular interests of different members of the school as might enable them to find help and stimulus in the branches of inquiry with which they were specially engaged. He would like it to be understood by members of the school that the University Authorities sympathised with the promoters of this school and would gladly have lent them the accommodation of their beautiful rooms at the examination schools had it been possible.

He would add that the school was, he believed, representative in miniature of several countries and continents of the globe. Students from Great Britain and Ireland had not only taken tickets, but from America, India, Australia and Japan. He trusted that as the school proceeded from day to day they would feel the value of the Fellowship which it was their hope to create. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. W. THATCHER (Mansfield College) having made some announcements with regard to the arrangements,

The Rev. A. J. CARLYLE said he was glad to have the opportunity of saying one word as representing some who had been long teachers in the Faculty of Theology of the University. They were very glad to have the pleasure of welcoming them there. He spoke, he thought, for many of the more distinguished members of the Faculty—Dr. Sanday, Dr. Driver, and others who were not able to be there that evening. Those of them who had been pupils of Dr. Sanday and Dr. Driver, two of their most famous Theologians in Oxford, had begun to learn that theology was not a matter which brought divisions to religion, but tended to bring men together in religion. (Hear, hear.) It was partly because he felt something of the spirit of union in the combination of many different standpoints in the common pursuit of truth that he ventured especially to express his pleasure at seeing them there. (Applause.)

Professor PERCY GARDNER, on rising to deliver his inaugural address, said that he would speak only on modern intellectual influences which affected religion, nor indeed, of all even of these, but chiefly of those tendencies which were summed up in the term Modernism. He accepted the conception of the whole development as set forth in the Bull Pascendi, though acknow-

ledging that “no one theologian holds in its entirety the whole scheme so neatly dove-tailed together.” He proceeded to consider separately the two chief strands of which Modernism seemed to be combined, the historical and the psychological. He traced the growth of scientific principles in the study of history, touching on the influence of Comte and of Darwin, and showed how far they had travelled from Macaulay’s idea of history as a “compound of poetry and philosophy.” The careful investigation into fact, the recognised obligation of tracing effects to their causes was shown to have affected profoundly the modern way of regarding authority in religion, especially in the disparagement of universalised tradition. The result was not confined to any one Church or Party. “Even the Pope appoints a commission to reconsider the question of the authorship of the Pentateuch; Loisy and Harnack, Sanday and Driver; Holzmann and Von Manen all claim to follow the most scientific methods of criticism, and to reach the results to which those methods lead.” At the same time the view of those who consider that the treatment of Christian doctrine and Church history on purely comparative principles would, for an ardent Christian, be hardly desirable, if possible, was not to be entirely dismissed. Here Professor Gardner thought that the psychological element in Modernism would modify and control the historical and critical. In dealing with the psychological part of the subject the professor stated his firm conviction that the influence of Hegel and the idealist philosophers had diminished, and was diminishing. He traced briefly the tendency of modern philosophy to regard all knowledge as relative, and to regard knowledge from a psychologic rather than a metaphysical standpoint, and to emphasise the volitional rather than the intellectual element of human nature. Applying this to the subject in hand, Professor Gardner said they had now more emphasis on the life of religion than on the Creed, on organisation and discipline than on speculative thought. From this point of view the religious beliefs which had that persistency were those which in the struggle for existence were the fittest to survive. Of course, this persistency did not imply trustworthiness unless one kept belief in the divine working in the world and a divine control of the course of history, and this must come “from the experience of life acting in conjunction with a certain inner illumination.” The conservative influence of pragmatism was seen in the element of permanency, which it ascribed to psychological experience, “the great religious genius is steeped in the permanent.” In the practical application of the principles laid down, Professor Gardner urged the necessity of maintaining a close union between the historical and the pragmatism elements in religious thought. “If history is to become, as it must become, to the pragmatist,” said Professor Gardner, “the touchstone of good and evil in ethics and even in beliefs, in rites and institutions, how infinitely important it becomes that we should learn what has really taken place in the past history of mankind.” The “sacredness of fact,” is to be observed by all religious teachers. If pragmatism led to something like utilitarianism in morals

and religion it was utilitarianism shorn of its excessively individualist and intellectual features. Professor Gardner examined the claim of Catholic Modernists, that the Church of Rome complied better than any other Church or School with the demands of pragmatism, and considered the scope for development in the interpretation of religious doctrine as allowed in the Roman and other systems. The re-interpretation required “may need to be stated otherwise than in terms of discredited history and misinterpreted Scripture.” In conclusion Professor Gardner urged that a pragmatist tendency is working in the Christian churches and practically serving as an antidote to the disintegration caused by the spread of critical views as regards Scripture and history. It must be confessed that the process of reconstruction goes on slowly. The Bishop of Birmingham says that he finds the traditional statements of Christian doctrine superior to any of the modern attempts to formulate it. In a measure he may be right. The formulation, to be successful, must come from religious spirits, and emotion must contribute as well as thought. But the strongly and emotionally religious spirits have as yet scarcely been able to wean themselves from traditional views. It is because they are by nature strongly pragmatist that they are apt to regard the intellectual difficulties attaching to Christian creeds and doctrines, as but a smaller matter in comparison with their emotional and practical efficiency. Probably they will not be driven from this point of view until they are convinced that a new formulation of beliefs is a pressing necessity. That time is not far off. Meantime, in the period of transition we may best work for the future by refusing to allow either element of religious progress to be thrust into the background. We must insist on a most critical examination of the literature and history of Christianity, using every new light of research and discovery. And we must, at the same time, never lose sight of the truth that religion is, after all, primarily a practical matter, that it is an interpretation of the relations between man and God, between human spirits and the infinite spiritual universe in which we live and move and have our being. These permanent relations do not depend upon any particular views in regard to history or philosophy; yet life is continuous and passes gradually from phase to phase, and we shall show a wisdom less than that of the mollusk if we entirely discard the shell of organisation and doctrine before we have a new shell ready larger and more beautiful and equally able to protect us against the hostile forces of the world. In fact we must keep ever before us the distinction, so essential, yet so frequently overlooked between the the origin of a belief, a custom, a religion, and its value. Into the origin we must inquire in the whitest of lights with the aid of all the modern machinery of comparison and archaeology. But when we have traced the origin that is but one step. Those are quite mistaken, however many they may be, who think that when we have traced the history of religion back to primitive beliefs, which no one now accepts, we have disposed of it. Our scientific task may be done, but the practical task remains. We have yet to consider the value of religion, whether it

is good, and why? And if it be good, it would be absurd to reject it from any foolish rationalist scruple. We do not refuse to eat a ripe apple because when it was unripe it was suited only to those with more primitive digestions. We do not refuse to venture on a steamship because it is developed in the long run out of the canoe of the savage. In fact, we have to turn our minds in exactly the opposite direction, and because the best contemporary religion is of infinite value and transposes into a higher key the whole of life, therefore every past phase of the history of religion acquires a glow of beauty and inspiration. We see the steps of the ladder by which men have mounted, and we see that had any one of them failed they would have fallen. That they did not fail can only be due to a supreme Spiritual Power who has led men up from rude beginnings, and has sent men from time to time sacred messengers to teach them what otherwise they could not have learned in regard to His own being.

On Tuesday morning, Dr. ODGERS held a class which was continued daily on the Elements of the Textual Criticism of the Greek Testament; Mr. C. C. J. WEBB lectured on "Revelation and Reason"; the Rev. G. H. BOX on "Judaism in the Time of Christ"; Dr. R. H. CHARLES on "The Interpretation of the Apocalypse"; and Mr. R. R. MARETT "Origin and Validity in Religion."

COUNT GOELET D'ALVIELLA (Brussels) dealt with the subject of "The Use of the Comparative Method in the History of Religion," defining religion as the relation of man to a superhuman power in which he believes, or the mode in which man realises his relations to a mysterious power upon which he believes himself dependent. It might almost be said there were as many religions as there were religious persons; two people could recite the same creeds and yet hold what were really different religious views. They had to question, then, whether the evolution of religion could be said to follow any definite laws, but when they remembered their individual religion, as influenced by environment, by heredity, and other external influences, they could study the operation of those influences and thus obtain the basis for a study of religious evolution. Their first object was to collect and classify monuments with the purpose of discovering the foundations of developments of different religions; this method resulted inevitably in gaps being left so that it had to be accompanied by the deductive methods employed in other sciences. There were two methods employed in the study of religion—the historical and the comparative, each of which were necessary to supplement the other. The method was used by Herodotus, the "father of history," and his successors among the Greeks and Latins, but they accepted all gods as equal in reality to their own. The Stoics and Neoplatonists who succeeded regarded all other beliefs as forms of their own, as efforts of others to reach their own ideal, but unfortunately the foundation on which they based their study was too slight to make their results of any value. Then came Christianity, dividing all religion into the true, which was revealed by God, and the rest, which were snares of the evil one and the results

of man's perversity; this view held the field till the days of Rousseau and Diderot, and the French encyclopædists who believed in the existence of one natural religion of which all men's religious inventions were as Diderot said, "deep heresies." Then succeeded the German school of Hegel and Schelling, who propounded a kind of transcendental pantheism, and it was not till Max Müller's famous Hibbert Lectures that the modern study of comparative religion began. From that rose the more modern anthropological methods which regarded institutions apart from organised religions, and included early forms of belief which could be said to begin with E. B. Tylor's epoch-making "Primitive Culture." But religion was not merely a collection of individual feelings. It had a social force relating man to man as well as man to God. The comparative method, however, was a delicate instrument which must not be abused, and what was important was not so much the outward form of belief as the mode of life behind it, and the motive which gave rise to it. The danger of this method into which the French anthropologists often fell was over-generalisation and the carrying of arguments beyond a proper limit. The true comparative method adopted, if necessary, many different schemes of inquiry, and did not confine itself to any one particular line of work.

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE.

AUTUMN ASSEMBLY MEETINGS.

FIRST DRAFT OF PROGRAMME.

Saturday, October, 9.—4 p.m., meeting of the General Council; 6 p.m., welcome social for members and delegates. Chairman, Sir Richard Stapley, J.P. Short speeches by Rev. E. W. Lewis, M.A., B.D., Mr. Henry D. Harben, and Dr. Ernest A. Hall, of Victoria, Canada. Music and refreshments.

Sunday, October 10.—11 and 7, Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

Monday, October 11.—8 a.m., devotional meeting, conducted by the Rev. J. Stewart Hooson (Stoke Newington); 10 a.m., league session for delegates and members only. Chairman's address, annual report, financial statement, discussion on work of the League, demonstration of mental cricket, conducted by Dr. Foat; 3 p.m., conference on progressive thought: (1) "Jesus in Modern Life," Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas. (2) "The New Social and Ethical Meaning of Sin," Dr. W. E. Orchard. Discussion as time permits. 7.30 p.m., great people's demonstration. Speakers, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Rev. T. Rhondda Williams. Organist, Mr. A. J. Hawkins; soloist, Miss Ada Hawkins. Collection.

Tuesday, October 12.—9.30 a.m., devotional meeting; 10 a.m., conference on social questions: (1) Minority report. Address by Mr. Sidney Webb. Resolution moved by Mr. J. A. Seddon, M.P., seconded by Rev. Donald B. Fraser. (2) Resolution on medical treatment of school children. 3 p.m., session for League preachers, speakers, and Sunday-school teachers: (1) "Progressive Thought in the Churches," Rev. A. W. Hutton, M.A., rector of Bow Church; Rev. Wm. Dick. (2) "The Progressive League and the Teaching of Religion to Children," Rev. G. T. Sadler, B.A., LL.B. Discussion.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

So unpropitious have been the weather conditions in one of the districts this last week that the missionaries wrote inquiring whether it would not be wise to abandon the work for the remainder of the season. It is a disappointment to the friends of the Mission to read of

the unexampled series of spoiled meetings, but you want to be on the field to realise the whole agony of rain night after night, and biting cold that drives to shelter even those who are with you wholeheartedly and enthusiastically. Away yonder in Scotland things are rather better, but in Monmouthshire there seems to be no respite from the weary round of dreary days, and no wonder it gets on the nerves of those who are charged with the duty of making our mission known. Friends who have finished their work have been writing all summer expressing the hope that their successors might enjoy the bright days that they had missed, but here we are within a month of the close and writing the story of one of the poorest weeks, so far as numerical attendance is concerned, of the whole summer. And the extent of the trouble may be gauged from the fact that in poor little Wales when a fine night does come along you can get an audience of 650, as was the case on Sunday night, which is sufficient to show that given right conditions the record would be as good as ever. From the Midlands comes the statement that one night there was a solitary listener present at the time announced for the meeting, and that a start was made with six persons.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the work is entirely at a standstill when meetings are interfered with in this fashion. The missionary who means business turns out with his literature during the day, and distributes leaflets, &c., from house to house; engages in conversation with everybody with whom he can get a word, and answers questions which might not be asked in public, and is often able to carry conviction by following the inquirer over his own ground as it were. He consoles himself also by selling his books, and believes that here is a useful method of getting results. He is cheered, too, by the fact that, as in Derbyshire last week, he finds in his small meeting a contingent of interested young men who have followed the van from its last halting place. Or a minister writes for the names of visitors in another village, mentioning that he has already had a meeting in a private room of some of those who were interested in what had transpired when the meetings were held in their neighbourhood. There are other ways, too, in which the value of the van is recognised. For obvious reasons it is as well not to mention the source of a gratifying fact like the following: An application comes from friends who wish the van to visit a certain place. The reply is to the effect that arrangements cannot be made this season. A second application is made to the lay missionary in the hope that he may be able to suggest a way. And it might very well happen that he should possess information that would be useful. Only you can't alter the map to suit even your own keenest desires. But, strong in faith, the second application is followed by a third, and this time to London itself. Such perseverance deserves success; and if our friends who are responsible for these letters read these lines, let them be assured that it shall not be our fault if they do not have the van, and that the thought in our mind is this, that if the spirit they display were in all our people, not only the Van Mission but the prosperity of our churches also would be ensured.

Perhaps the reports of the Mission have encouraged the tendency to judge its success by numerical results, and too little has been said of those aspects of the work which come into prominence when there are no crowds to talk about. But in doing this, there has been the knowledge that even Unitarians are as glad as anyone else to read that the multitudes wait upon them when, under normal conditions, they face the verdict of the world and, believing in their cause, are prepared to submit it to the judgment of their fellows. The Mission would have had scant sympathy if it had not appealed to a large section of the community, and it was prepared to abide by a decision of the kind. Yet, after all, even when there is a bewailing over the poorest week of the season, it is not so bad to report that over five thousand people have been at our meetings, many of them held under umbrellas, and in small places, and in competition with ghost illusions, circuses, coloured patent medicine vendors, and Pentacostal leagues.

The London meetings at Stratford were conducted by Rev. B. C. Constable, who, despite a poor pitch, had fair audiences, and a

good hearing. Questions came freely, and the proceedings were animated. Mr. W. J. Noel occupied the chair, and the Stratford friends supported the Mission heartily, one of their oldest members, Mr. Shute, being present at most of the meetings. After leaving Stratford, the next halting place was at Hackney, where Rev. H. Rawlings conducted his own meetings on a pitch near the main thoroughfare, along which the people hurried home, finding little time for gospel meetings. The attendances, however, were fairly good, and when a new site was found for the Sunday meeting at Lower Clapton, there was a fine audience of over five hundred. It was accordingly decided to remain at this spot for some days more.

The Midland van, after its poor reception at Matlock, moved to Cromford, with a population of just over a thousand, ten per cent. of whom attended the meetings, which were conducted by Rev. H. J. Rossington. Rev. W. Holmshaw joined on Thursday, and next morning a move was made to Bakewell, where church influence is strong. The meetings were regarded as satisfactory, and a good class of people were present. On Monday, the van was taken to Buxton for a week.

Welsh meetings were held by Rev. J. P. Kane at Llanbradach, and afterwards at Bargoed by Rev. E. R. Dennis. At both places meetings were lost, and at both places much interest was manifested, suggesting that successful missions would have been held had the weather been suitable. There were large audiences at Bargoed on the two fine evenings.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO VAN FUND.

Anon. (Manchester) 2s. 6d., (Larne) £1, (Clapham) 5s.; "In Memoriam" (Ashton). 2s. 6d.; "Irish Unitarian," £1; "Progress" (Stourbridge), 2s. 6d.; "W. W." (Newport, I. of W.), £2.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Stratford, Sept. 6 to 8, three meetings, attendance 600; Hackney, Sept. 9 to 12, four meetings, attendance 900.

MIDLANDS.—Matlock, Sept. 6, attendance 20; Cromford, Sept. 7 to 9, three meetings, attendance 185; Bakewell, Sept. 10 to 12, three meetings, attendance 265.

WALES.—Llanbradach, Sept. 6 to 9, three meetings, attendance 290; Bargoed, Sept. 10 to 12, two meetings, attendance 1,050.

SCOTLAND.—Plean, Stirling, Sept. 6 to 11, six meetings, attendance 1,950. Sunday, Sept. 12, morning, Universalist Church, Stenhousemuir; afternoon, Tryst Ground, 1,500; evening, Tryst Ground, 1,200 (5.45 to 7.10); evening (7.55 to 9.15), Falkirk, 1,000; afternoon, Cowie, 100 (Mr. Muirhead).

TOTALS.—Sept. 6 to 12, twenty-nine meetings, attendance, 9,160; average, 316.

*** The report of the extraordinary series of Sunday meetings held by Mr. Russell and his lay missionary, Mr. Muirhead, had not arrived before the despatch of the notes for the week as above, hence the discrepancy in the figures. Mr. Russell says that he has been fairly fortunate with the weather. He is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the biggest day's work that has ever been done for the Mission. His record rather interferes with what has been said above, and takes the edge off the dolefulness of the report. But the remarks are, unfortunately, only too applicable to the other districts.

Inquiries, subscriptions (half the money still wanted !), &c., to Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Ashton-under-Lyne.—Harvest thanksgiving services were preached by Mr. Sidney Ransom in the morning, afternoon and evening on Sunday last. The congregations were good, in the evening the Church being well filled. After the service an open-air meeting was held on the Market Ground. Since the beginning of July open-air services, which on the whole

have been well attended, have been held on Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

Brentwood (Essex).—Under the auspices of the Ilford Lay Preachers a series of six Sunday evening services will be held at Harmony Hall, Station-parade, Brentwood, commencing Oct. 3, at 6.30 p.m., when the Rev. W. H. Drummond, B.A., will preach. The remaining services will be taken by Walter Russell (twice), John Carroll, John Kinsman and E. R. Fyson. Rev. W. R. Clark-Lewis (late of Brentwood) and now Unitarian minister at Gainsborough) has written:—"I am glad to hear that you propose to hold services at Brentwood. I will write to my friends there and invite them to attend, and I wish you all success." Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. (of the City Temple), has also written:—"I cordially commend the effort that is being initiated to promote liberal Christianity in Brentwood, and trust that it may receive a ready welcome among the residents in that part of Essex." Anyone who is willing to assist in the musical arrangements or help in any way at the services should write at once to Arthur Beecroft, 13, Ranelagh-gardens, Ilford, or to Miss Brooks, 107, High-street, Brentwood.

London: The Little Portland-street Congregation.—University Hall was comfortably filled last Sunday when the first service was held in these temporary quarters since the closing of the chapel. Rev. J. Page Hopps was the preacher, and he spoke the following words of welcome at the beginning of his sermon:—"I welcome you to this place as a True Church. For many years it received the best of all consecrations—that of devout, reverent and resolute seekers after truth, both as teachers and learners. This was for a long time the teaching home of the Manchester New College, and we, strange to say, still inherit the Martineau tradition, for it was here that he poured out from his great and bright mind his enchanted philosophy and theology, as brilliant with spiritual insight and poetry as it was rich in knowledge and wisdom. And we are really here on the same quest, our justification being that we are seekers after God. That tells it all. This is why our first demand is for freedom. The late Cardinal Newman, in one of his sermons, frankly said that the Church is the oracle of God, and that a good Catholic must believe this. He said, 'When a man has become a Catholic, were he to set about following out a doubt which has occurred to him, he has already disbelieved. He is not in danger of losing his faith; he has lost it. . . . Let a man cease to inquire, or cease to call himself her child.' Well, we cannot 'cease to inquire,' and therefore we are not the Church's children. We are God's children, and to Him we look to bring all of us out of darkness into His marvellous light. Our other need is the development of the spiritual life, and, for this, we have found that united worship is good. We understand that charming pleasantry of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in justification of his regular attendance at church. 'I find in a corner of my soul a little plant called Reverence, and I like to water it once a week.' We ought to do that more often, but I welcome you here to-day for this purpose and invite you to imitate the example of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Portsmouth: High-street.—Rev. James Burton having retired, after two years' ministry, this church is now without a settled minister. "It is to be regretted," says the annual report of the Southern Unitarian Association, "that the promise of Mr. Burton's 'welcome' meeting has not been fulfilled. The situation here is one full of difficulty, and it would be a great pity if this historic building were to be closed. It is hoped that a way may speedily open for the settlement of a minister." The pulpit is in the meantime being supplied by ministers from London and elsewhere. The committee have arranged with Rev. Delta Evans, of London, to preach morning and evening on five consecutive Sundays from September 26. These services are to be widely advertised in the town.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

A *Daily News* representative recently visited the clinic attached to the Devon's-road school in the populous district of Bromley-by-Bow, where children from three to fourteen years of

age receive twice a week medical treatment on the spot. Pending the further action of the County Council in regard to an improvement of the present system of medical inspection in their schools, it is interesting to read of this experiment in the East End which is being carried out by private enterprise. Dr. Tribe and Dr. Eder, the physicians who attend at the clinic twice a week, not only prescribe for their little patients, but have the satisfaction of knowing that the prescription is carried out, a nurse being especially appointed for that purpose.

MISS GRANT, the head mistress of the infants' department, declares that clinics could be run at a much cheaper cost if attached to the schools themselves than would be the case if they were attached to hospitals. "When one sees a child every day," she says, "one has the chance of spotting at once any ailment the boy or girl may be suffering from. The advantages of working a clinic in the school itself are manifold. It economises the parents' time in taking their child to some distant hospital. The nearest hospital to our school, to mention only one example, is the London Hospital, and it is a forty minutes' walk from here. Then it trains the teachers to diagnose the various diseases affecting their pupils, such as eczema, digestive troubles, anæmia, and so forth, and finally it serves in linking together the school and the home life." The present experiment of a school-clinic in London is being made under the joint auspices of Mr. Joseph Fels, the Committee for the Physical Welfare of School Children, and the Council of the Fern-street Settlement."

WRITING in *The Nation* of Sir Arthur Pinero's latest play, Mr. William Archer touches trenchantly on the characteristic peculiar to so many of the creations of this cynical exponent of life which so often arouses in his critics a sort of hostility, namely, their soullessness and utter want of spirituality. "They live in their senses, their affections, their social relations; but they are wholly innocent of any relation to the Unseen. The faculty of wonder is denied them; 'there is no speculation in those eyes.' They do not believe in anything from the roof upwards—and neither do they disbelieve. That aspect of existence does not enter their heads. They are careful and cumbered about many things, but never about the whence, the why, or the whither of their busy little gleam of consciousness. Were the world actually peopled with such pagans, the conception of immortality could never have arisen, so manifest is the impossibility of viewing them *sub specie eternitatis*. This is not a criticism of Sir Arthur Pinero's art, for certainly such people exist in their thousands. They are, indeed, one of the characteristic products of our present phase of civilisation. Nevertheless, one could wish that, if only for the sake of artistic relief, he would take a little more cognisance of things immaterial, of aspiration, of wonder, and of awe."

THE Johnson Bicentenary celebrations are turning our thoughts once more towards the great hero of Boswell's worship, apropos of whom Mr. Hale White, in his preface to "Selections from the *Rambler*," has said, "It is wholesome to turn, at least occasionally, from the speculations of the twentieth century to the *Rambler* and *Idler*. There we are on Mother Earth, and learn how to do what is to be done to-day. It does harm to busy ourselves with what is beyond our strength; we become giddy, and may fall. . . . Although Johnson is a moralist, he is not censorious. He is human: his experience of life is wide and deep; he is an apologist for natural propensity. . . . Johnson's morality is hatred of the oppressor and pity for the unfortunate. . . . Johnson is not a priest, but a man, a man like his Master, a man to whom mercy as well as judgment are 'the weightier matters of the law.'"

CONSIDERING Dr. Johnson's great position in the history of literature, says the *Westminster Gazette*, the comparatively small place which he occupies in the catalogue of the reading-room of the British Museum is some-

what remarkable. The entries under his name number 546 as compared with Oliver Goldsmith's 729, while of his other contemporaries, Burke and Garrick, whose literary output, of course, was much smaller, almost rival him with 447 and 370 respectively. In the Museum library there are more than sixty copies, complete or abridged, of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and fifty of his "Lives of the Poets." The writings about Dr. Johnson are extraordinarily miscellaneous, ranging from a guide to his birthplace to a tract on the subject of his death.

Writing in the *Christian Commonwealth* on the Trades Union Congress, the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams says, "If one truth more than another has been driven home to the modern mind, it is that no individual, no group, no nation, can possibly live an isolated life," and he quotes a long passage from "Idealism as a Practical Creed," the latest book by Professor Henry Jones, from which we take a few extracts. "There is no sphere where egoistic conditions are more dominant, or where mutual resistance and competition are more obviously the law, than the sphere of economics, for it is the nature of material as distinguished from spiritual goods that they cannot be distributed without lessening everyone's share. Nevertheless, even in this sphere, co-operation is being revealed as the deeper law and the good of each to be the good of all. . . . The selfishness of humanity is being rebuked, and its folly exposed. By the very stress and strain of circumstances man is being moralised, and the world is in one conspiracy against his meanness. . . . Are we not compelled, seeing that the capacity of social forces for good and for evil has been thus expanded, and the life of every individual is more widely interfused with the general welfare, to seek some better way of comprehending them than is furnished by the abstract individualism of the past?"

THE Secretary of the Temperance Legislation League announces that, in view of the Budget proposals in regard to the liquor trade, a popular and abridged edition of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book "The Taxation of the Liquor Trade," has been issued. This volume deals with certain historical facts in regard to the liquor trade that have special relevance at the present time, and Mr. Rowntree is willing to supply copies free of charge for the personal use of speakers and workers who would find it helpful in the campaign in favour of the Budget. Application by those desirous of obtaining a copy should be made at once to the Temperance Legislation League, Parliament-mansions, Victoria-street, London, S.W., 3d. in stamps being enclosed to defray cost of postage.

THE *British Health Review*, the sixth number of which has just reached us, contains several articles which will be of interest to many who realise how close is the connection between healthy habits and healthy thoughts. Writing on "Exploded Superstitions," E. Greville Barrington, draws a significant comparison between the English navy and the Japanese 'rickshaw man, or the Mexican Indians, "carrying loads of something near 150 lbs. on their backs along roads that are better imagined than described." In a paper on "Infant Life and the Education of Women," Mrs. Hodgkinson Hodgkinson pleads for the wiser training of the mothers of the future, physically and mentally, in view of their supreme importance as a racial factor. "I believe the so-called education of women is especially faulty," she says, "inasmuch as it tends chiefly to develop feeling, in which, partly from physical, partly from social reasons, they are already over-developed, or rather, overconscious. Their education does not tend to develop reason with its slow and patient processes; yet equipoise of the heart and brain would spare not only ourselves but the world at large many vocal and mute tragedies and complications. I speak of education as the moulding force beyond and above book-learning which determines the issues of life and character."

"WHAT is to be done," she pertinently asks in a subsequent passage, "with the masses of women who do not think for themselves or anybody else . . . and yet on whom rests this tremendous burden of human responsibility? . . . Educate, educate, and exact all the penalties of responsibilities from them. Let them off nothing because they are women; demand the more from them; make no easy half-contemptuous allowance for sex, and concentrate on the girl child as a thing of inestimable value and importance."

THE "first Spanish politician who has succeeded in making the people vote in masses," Don Alijandro Lerroux, an elected member for Barcelona, is now in London, and, according to an interview with him, published in the *Daily News*, he states very definitely that he believes "Spanish Republicanism will become the only possible solution of the national problems." Whether Señor Lerroux is prescribing the right cure for the evils from which his country suffers, or not, he is probably correct in saying that the Court has become unpopular chiefly on account of its clericalism, its plutocratism, and the war in Melilla. "It is a grave mistake of the Court to display so

openly its clericalism. A cousin of King Alphonso has just been deprived of his title of Infante for having married a Protestant Princess. Remember that the murder of sixteen innocent peasants in the Monastery of Osera, committed on behalf of the Bishop of Lugo, has remained unpunished; think of the enormous increase of religious orders in Spain, and recall that the Court dismissed the Liberal Government which tried to place them under the Common Law. The continual war against culture and public instruction has resulted in the recent closing of ninety-four neutral schools in Barcelona. But the people of Spain are neither clerical nor fanatical."

"THE material progress of the world," he adds, "has also reached Spain during the last few years, but this advance has not benefited the people. Every new source of wealth has become a monopoly. Spain to-day is a nest of monopolies. The price of food, clothing, and houses has doubled; but wages are the same. . . . Both priests and plutocrats are in favour of the war, the former to convert the Muslims, the latter to exploit their mines. But to Spain, as a whole, this war can bring neither glory nor profit."

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